

Heliograph



Helicon's Newsletter
Souvenir Edition

Heliograph was the newsletter of Helicon, the 44th British Eastercon (plus Eurocon) held in the Hotel de France, St Helier, Jersey, over Easter 1993.

This collected and annotated edition was hurled together by *Dave Langford* for reasons of general hubris and loathsome self-promotion, but purportedly because I promised complete sets to various people who gave advance help (the early issues went out of print during Helicon itself).

Extra thanks to Paul Barnett, John Grant, Thog the Mighty and Chris Suslowicz for help with this reprint.

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Produced by Ansible Information, 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU.

*for Martin and Jean
Congratulations!
Dave & Hazel*

Heliograph

Helicon's Newspaper

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Welcome to Helicon

And welcome to *Heliograph*—the newsletter which we understand is pronounced something like 'Heliogrrraph'. As noted by Helicon's most famous native, 'I have the Heliconian stress on the letter "r".' (Harri Seldon, in *Forrrward the Foundation* by Isaac Asimov.)

Our Spies are Everywhere

IAIN BANKS perpetuated a noble sf tradition by breaking his bed on the first night of Helicon. (As Bob Shaw discovered after Brian Aldiss broke a bed during a party there, Tynecon '74 was 'a five-bed convention'. Go for it, Iain!)

GUO JIANZHONG of the China Research Centre for SF sends best wishes to all at Helicon and regrets not being able to make it...

HARLAN ELLISON, awesome originator of the 'Hey, why don't I come and be your guest of honour?' message on Tim Illingworth's answering machine, has decided not to visit Britain or even Helicon after all. One apologetic statement has filtered through from the great man: 'If you should see Chris Priest, please put a three inch spike through his heart and tell him he can run, but he can't hide forever.' Chris was bemusedly unaware that he had been either running or hiding from diminutive wrath.

PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT: '(as it is not considered polite to murder people)... Caroline Mullan is adamant that her surname is spelled

MULLAN

... and *not* as shown in the Helicon publications. The Helicon publications subcommittee has apologised most abjectly, and quite right too. (It is a public service to give warning that future offenders will be murdered ... isn't it?)

ALFRED M. BUTTS, inventor of Scrabble in the 1930s, is obituarized in today's *Guardian*. His last fatal mistake was in scoring 986 points by spelling a certain name as MULLENQXZ.

Programme Changes and Things

STOP PRESS! Jersey CTV are coming for the first Helicon programme item, *All Our Yesterplays* in the Golden Lounge at 1500. It would be *nice*, say the committee wistfully, if there were a good

audience. Nudge nudge, wink wink.

More awesome than the GoH speech, more wallet-threatening than the dealers' room ... the *Chocolate Shop* is open 0800-2000 from Thursday to Monday (0800-1200 and 1600-1900 only thereafter).

Cinema: the Ciné de France (in the Lido) offers 50% discount to Helicon members at its 1400 matinée showings—*Honey, I Blew Up the Kid* and ('the sf film') *Stay Tuned*. Closed Good Friday.

World SF meets at 1400 in the Museum Room on Thursday and Friday.

The *ESFS* meetings on Friday (1400 Other) and Saturday have moved to the Basement room.

Do Artificial Languages Have a Future? (Friday 1700 Starlight) Panellists are now Colin Fine, Gabor Megyesi & Harry Harrison.

The Adventures of Baron Munchausen will be on Sunday at 1000 (not Saturday as in the *Read-Me* films page; the programme grid is correct).

After cruel treatment by the Style Police, the *Read-Me* authors promise never again to write about 'medias' (see *But What Can Replace a Fanzine*, 1100 Monday). 'We have now been told correct datas and rethought our criterias,' said a spokesman. 'There will be no more such erratas.'

Recommended Eating

Harvey's Fish & Chip Restaurant, junction of Beresford St and Bath St—e.g. £3.50 for fish, chips, bread & butter.

Down the Helical

HELICON SPURNED: the *Jersey Evening Post* declined to cover this event when we miserably failed to meet its demand for 5 aliens to photograph before lunchtime....

A MOLE WRITES: 'The thing about these language ribbons is that a certain well-known Con chairman will be able to obtain one of each by merely learning *one word* in each language.... The *difficult* ribbon Tim (oops—whoever we're talking about) has to obtain is that coloured **YELLOW**.'

7 APRIL BIRTHDAYS. Marty Cantor 1935, Henry Kuttner 1915-58, Susan C. Petrey 1945-80, James White 1928. *This Island Earth* released 1955. Great Plague began in Egypt 1901.

8 APRIL BIRTHDAYS. E.J. Carnell 1912-72,

S.P.Meek 1894-1972, Ralph Milne Farley 1887-1963. Gemini I launched 1964. Prediction of worldwide deluge not fulfilled 1524. Helicon begins 1993.

LINES ON THE REMOVAL OF THE SF FOUNDATION TO LIVERPOOL

So

Farewell then

North East London Polytechnic

As was.

'We can't afford it.'

That was

Your catchphrase.

E.J.Thribb, age 17½

BICENTENNIAL: in April 1793, the New England inventor Eli Whitney did a huge service to all sf professionals by inventing gin. (A *Pedant Writes*: That was the cotton gin, you fool. *Heliograph*: There's no pleasing some fans.)

THE QUEEN'S TELEGRAM. People of sf interest born in 1893 include Wim Gijzen (Netherlands), Philip George Chadwick (whose 1939 *The Death Guard* finally got a mass-market edition in 1992), E.Everett Evans, Victor Gollancz, Captain W.E. Johns, Vladimir Mayakovsky (Russia), J.B.Morton ('Beachcomber'), Dorothy Sayers, Clark Ashton Smith, Harl Vincent and Tim Illingworth.

AN APOLOGY. We were lying about Tim Illingworth.

THEFT ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: many arcane facts in *Heliograph* are pinched from the new *Encyclopaedia of SF* (ed. John Clute and Peter Nicholls), *Science Fiction Chronicle*, *Asimov's Chronology of Science and Discovery*, *Let's Drink to That* by Joyce Post, and *The Perpetual Pessimist: an Everlasting Calendar of Gloom and Almanac of Woe* by Daniel George.

TransAtlantic Fan Fund

In a hotly contested Europe to North America TAFF race (writes Pam Wells), the four candidates are all so certain of victory that none of them saw fit to come and promote their worthiness, brilliance, etc at Helicon. It is left to nominators and hangers-on to distribute badges, flyers and ballot forms, and coerce bemused Euro-fans to Vote Correctly. The campaign so far:

• Michael Ashley. Minimalist approach: one issue of fanzine *Saliromania* during campaign; has otherwise steered clear of propaganda. You probably know all you want to know about him already, and love or hate him on that basis. Moderation? We don't need no steenkin'

moderation!

• Tony Berry. All Birmingham seems to be campaigning for Tony 'Interesting' Berry, selling badges, touting for votes, etc. as they did in 1982 for Rog Peyton (who lost to Kev Smith). Berry has produced two issues of his fanzine *Eyeballs In The Sky* during the race, and presented a middle-ground position in response to questions and heckling along the campaign trail. Possibly the man you least like to hate.

• Abigail Frost. I can do no better than quote Nigel Richardson's letter to M.Ashley: 'All she has to do is state in her platform that she's female, single, heterosexual, has a posh voice and a couple of short, clingy dresses, and you're history. But she'll probably rave on about John Clute, Polish parliamentary reform in the 18th century and Lloyd George's underpants instead.' Full of ideas for TAFF having its own bank account and such like. Could pick up votes for being the only woman in the field, unless you count ...

• Ashley Watkins trades on having dressed as a woman throughout the last British Eurocon, Seacon '84. And very good he looked, too! Known more as a social/gaming fan than for fanzine activity, but has contributed to several fanzines and even produced one of his own (*Fubar*) a few years ago. For someone who claims not to like campaign politics, Ashley is a natural born politician!

Travails

One hour before Will Handrich and Jane Routley were due to pick up their 'Century Auto Rentals' car in Frankfurt on Wednesday morning, the firm went bankrupt. Three hours later, having managed an amazing last-minute deal from Turtle Rentals, they were off—through fog, rain, and rush-hour traffic. Many shortcuts later, including one through Paris, and one which would have been via Versailles had that town not kept moving, they achieved St Malo at 0300. Jane and Will awoke blearily in their car at 0700, expecting the ferry to leave at 0900—then discovered they were parked in front of the wrong ferry ... theirs was leaving at 0800. As they caught it at 0755, one of the ferry staff pointed out their new flat tyre. However, Jersey customs insisted Will and Jane clear the customs area before being allowed to fix it. Unbowed, they survived the ubiquitous St Helier roadworks, and the fact that the route they used in 1989 is 'no longer passable', and made it finally to the HdF still smiling (modulo one shower!).

Amanda Baker

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We Name the Guilty....

JOHN JARROLD becomes President of the World! Well, of World SF. Interviewed by *HelioGRAPH*, the new President prised a beerglass momentarily from his mouth and said, 'I didn't know what was happening, I wasn't even there, don't blame me.'

CAPTAIN W.E. JOHNS was mentioned in #1, and readers now inform us that there's an exhibition of Biggles etc. memorabilia at Hertford County Museum, Bullplain, Hertford, until June.

BRIAN ALDISS demonstrated his mature technique for persuading one of Jenny and Ramsey Campbell's offspring to go to bed, culminating in a stentorian cry of 'FUCK OFF!' (It worked.)

IAIN M. UPDATE: according to issue #1 Iain Banks broke his bed on Wednesday night. The *HelioGRAPH* Searchlight team now reveal that this is Not True. Mr Banks confusingly explained that although he said that his bed was soggy, he meant saggy; he's not incontinent, just dyslexic. It's OK now because the hotel has put a board under his mattress. 'It's quite hard and firm now, in fact,' he said completely out of context. Your reporter left the bar at this point. Pam Wells

½R, as is traditional, couldn't be found at the start or end of the alphabet at Registration. His envelope finally turned up under C.

HARLAN ELLISON reports on his health: 'I have no intention of dying because I mean to live long enough to spit on Chris Priest's grave.'

IAN WATSON was overheard at the swimming pool: 'I can't find my underpants. I had them just a minute ago. How can I go to breakfast without my underpants?' They were eventually located in a sock and proved to be purple. Dermot Dobson

Programme Changes and Stuff

'It is not immediately obvious,' we are told, 'that that peculiar folded thing in the registration envelope (with your name on one side and *Omni-vore* or *Vegetarian* or *Silicon Compounds Only* on the other) is in fact a banquet ticket....'

Do Artificial Languages Have a Future? (1700 Starlight) Panellists are now Colin Fine, Gabor Megyesi & Harry Harrison.

ESFS Meeting (1400 Other)—moved to Basement room again today.

Signings on the book room balcony, Friday: 1600 Brian Aldiss, Harry Harrison, Anne McCaffrey. 1700 Joe Haldeman, Steve Baxter.

NEW ITEM! *LitSearch: Finding Fiction Faster*. (Saturday 1800, Basement) Larry Roeder (former Librarian to the President of the USA) will speak about LitSearch, a project to develop the world's largest database on sf, fantasy and horror.

Random Announcements

UNCLE TIM WANTS YOU. More volunteers are needed for Ops shifts. All gophers please report and sign up, or 'hostages will be taken'.

ETHANOL-RUNNERS BEWARE! Certain people have been bringing their own booze into the hotel in a discourteously blatant fashion. Already two have been stopped. If the HdF finds you drinking your own stuff, *corkage will be charged*.

CONFABULATION is a bid for the 1995 Eastercon, with a Docklands hotel. ('We considered it for Sou'Wester,' said an anonymous D.Barrett, 'but the overflow hotel is across the Thames....') Its symbol is one of the great reindeer whose vast herds still infest that area of east London.

VIDEO. Could the person who took the video of the No Shame Theatre sketches at last year's Illumination, or *anyone* with any information, please make themselves known to Rob Meades.

TAROT READINGS. Phil Bradley will (if asked Nicely) tell you the worst for just £2: proceeds to the con charity. Look for a black hat festooned with ribbons, in or near the Mainsail Bar.

CALLING ALL POETS. Poems for the Workshop should be handed in at least 24 hours in advance (i.e. by 1100 Sunday). Later entries will go unread and also have their anapaests cut off.

UNITED COLOURS OF HELICON: the ribbons to indicate language ability have run out! 'We may have to go round and snip bits off the long, generous ribbons we were handing out earlier....'

MAGICON. If you joined but didn't attend the 1992 Worldcon, get your programme book from the Magicon desk. Noon-1500 daily.

ARCTOPHILES 'are warned that the note on an exhibit in the Art Show means it. Do Not Open The Box if you care about cuddlies!' Chris Bell

RESTAURANTS! *Taj Mahal Central*, 37 La Motte St—wonderfully eccentric food (lotus root bhaji,

sort of tandoori fish thing, etc) but *abysmally* slow service. Around £16/head with starters etc. *Oriental Chinese Restaurant*, 73 New Street, St Helier: delicious 15-dish meal at just over £11 each. Staff were incredibly friendly and, when asked why they weren't in the Good Food Guide, said they had refused to pay for an entry.

LIDO FITNESS CENTRE: despite *Read-Me*, there is *no entrance fee* if you take your hotel key card.

OOMPAH LOOMPAH'S TOUR. Come & Visit Mr. Wonka in his chocolate factory. Tours 1100, 1600 daily. Meet in the chocolate shop!

JERSEY ZOO. Helicon is supporting Gerald Durrell's zoo as the con charity. At 1300 on Saturday, Philip Coffey of the Zoo's education department will give an illustrated talk and answer questions on Zoo work. A similar talk at Contrivance was highly praised: do come along.

HUSTINGS. 'Inhumanly Captive Canine released by Animal Liberation Movement (Ming Enterprises).' We have no idea what this means.

Duplicators of the Gods?

Heliograph is brought to you as the result of a naked power struggle ... Humanity against Antique Technology! SEE Dave Langford scream as electrostencil after electrostencil comes out blank! THRILL as John Dallman makes a Conceptual Breakthrough and changes the cutting needle! WRITHE at the spectacle of Dave Clements emerging from the recesses of the neolithic Gestetner, entirely covered in thick black ink! GROAN as Amanda Baker sweetly says, 'We could have got you 1980s technology if you'd asked!' BOGGLE when the 1990s word processor system goes bananas trying to do Mark Young's Voodoo Board Notice and starts printing everything in an unknown sjhkmdsa glwbytenk.....

Helico Virus

NOT SPURNED AT ALL: *Heliograph* apologizes for failing to convey that the very splendid *Jersey Evening Post* will in fact be giving Helicon a terrific publicity splash. Next Tuesday.

COMPETITION CORNER: Isaac Asimov's *Forward the Foundation* names two Galactic Emperors within famous Heliconian Hari Seldon's lifetime: Cleon I and Agis XIV. A third and final 'boy-child ... puppet Emperor' is mentioned but not named. Drawing on your immense knowledge of the rest of the Foundation series, can you put a name to him and give a reason for your choice? • *Other competition*: who can think of the best caption for

the unlabelled scale bar in the *Read-Me* map?

CENTENARY: This is Tim Illingworth's 100th convention. Look on my works, ye mighty....

BREAKFAST NOTES. Q: What's red and invisible? A: No tomatoes.... The Action Committee for Mushrooms At All Con Breakfasts wishes to thank Helicon for ... sorry, *what* was the message?

HOW TO WRITE GOOD. Jane Barnett (aged 15¼), when told by her father that her writing showed poor control of nuance: 'I wouldn't recognize nuance if it came up and gently brushed my leg.'

FANS ACROSS THE WORLD still needs your spare cash to help fans in need. Any currency welcome. See Fiona or Bridget.

9 APRIL BIRTHDAYS. Barrington J. Bayley 1937, Charles Burbee 1915, Hugh Hefner 1926, George O. Smith 1911-81, Leonard Wibberley 1915-83. *Citizen Kane* première 1941. Deaths: François Rabelais 1553, Francis Bacon 1626.

KNOBS. 'The most bizarre excuse yet for not coming to our wedding ...' gasps Jean Owen: 'Eileen and Peter Weston are going to a *door knob convention* that weekend!'

DAVEISM. Five years ago the Dave cult began, and Gamma is celebrating the anniversary. (Chorus: 'How can you tell?') Meanwhile *Dave Wells* wishes it to be known that henceforth, he is no longer to be referred to as Pam.

COMPLAINT: 'What's this in issue #1 about some parvenu called Seldon being the most famous person from Helicon? What about us, then?' Signed: Calliope, Clio, Erato, Euterpe, Melpomene, Polyhymnia, Terpsichore, Thalia and Urania.

And Don't Say Sci Fi!

Radio 4's *Kaleidoscope* featured *The Encyclopaedia of SF* on Wednesday, with co-editor John Clute plus Gwyneth Jones and Kim Newman. The performance of presenter Quentin Cooper led one to reflect that, if there's one thing worse than an ignoramus, it's a patronizing ignoramus. The piece started with—guess what—the opening bars from *Also Sprach Zarathustra* and ended, several BEM references later, with the information that the book 'costs forty-five Earth pounds'. All efforts to suggest that sf might attract serious writers were squashed—a mention by Newman of famed mainstreamer Iain Banks as a dabbler in space opera was stomped by a triumphant 'Yes, but he changes his name to Iain M. Banks for that stuff!' Roll on Fay M. Weldon, Doris M. Lessing, C.S.M. Lewis, the two M. Amises....
John Grant

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They Walked Like Men

JOHN BRUNNER was immensely chuffed at the Vin d'Honneur last night when the Senator said to him, 'But I thought you would be black.' Forget all that skiffy: he was a fan of *A Plague on Both Your Causes* and *Good Men Do Nothing*.

IAN WATSON denies it all (see #2). 'Someone had left these purple socks the same colour as my underpants and I was trying to pull this sock up around my waist until....'

PETER WESTON goes to the heart of Jersey culture: 'Why do they have Princess Margaret on their £5 notes? Barman—another pint please!'

STOP PRESS UPDATE: Matt Campbell wishes to announce *Very Loudly Indeed* that Brian Aldiss's amazing Getting-the-Little-Swine-to-Bed technique (*Helicon* #2) DIDN'T ACTUALLY WORK.

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

DEADLINES: the newsletter team giggles hysterically at the thought. Er, 1100 and 1800 or so?

THE INDEPENDENT photographer prowled among us looking for interestingly weird fans, one of whom suggested that he snap a writer too. 'Where's one?' He was led to Brian Aldiss, took many pictures, and said 'And what books have you written?' Sudden disappearance of B.Aldiss.

CONFICTION thank-you party: the committee would like to thank everyone who worked at ConFiction, attended, or kept blessedly silent. Saturday at '2300' (after the masquerade) in the basement. Malcolm Edwards especially invited.

CALLING ALL CHOCOHOLICS: There will be a raffle in aid of the Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust, the con charity. The prize is a 5kg bar of chocolate from the shop—milk, plain or white as the winner prefers—plus transportation of the bar to London if required (1,000 Elephants!). Tickets 20p from the information desk. The draw will be at Monday's closing ceremony; the prize must be claimed by 1000 on Tuesday. Peter Wareham

THE ESTATE OF J.R.R.TOLKIEN wishes to point out that this author inclined towards the male gender and was not an 'it'. (*Read-Me*, Friday.)

NOVACON (Birmingham, November): Bernie Evans failed to bring Novacon flyers. Don't let this stop you (it says here) joining! £20.00 until

after Helicon. Find Bernie in the bar or under a Mexican ... no, sorry ... the Mexican desk in the Dealers' Room. She apologizes for delays in processing Intersection memberships, now being sorted out: anyone who feels that Bernie ought to grovel may apply to her. Be warned that you may get your ankles bitten while she's down there....

FOUND: outside the airport's main building, a necklace with a labrys pendant. See Ops.

JO MCCAHEY is doing Sponsored Fat Loss for the blind and would be glad of absurdly optimistic promises from all of you.

ANNA & MIKHAIL need a lift to Jersey zoo. They can usually be found in the Dealers' Room.

CONVENTION KILLER lives! For those who don't know the game, it involves killing all other players using subtlety, cunning, assault weaponry and tomatoes. Potential players should come to the games room before 12.00 Saturday.

APOLOGIES to Steve Bull, who turned up for a panel to find it was a speech! Helicon thanks John Dallman, John Bray and Dave Clements for standing in at short notice.

Reprogramming

JACK COHEN's talk *The Futures of Human Sex & Reproduction* will be from 1030—not 1100—to 1200 (Sunday, Lido). PLEASE NOTE!

EXTRA! *Juggling Workshop* (Sunday 1800 Colony.) The first one was so successful, we're having another....

Helliconia Bank Holiday

OVERHEARD. 'My wife's healthy eating habits are disgusting ... eating porridge all over the place!' (*Hugh Mascetti*) • 'If you do it right it makes you want to cough.' • 'It's all Neale Mittenshaw-Hodge's fault,' claims the ashen-faced man in the blue tee-shirt, 28. • 'I'm just editing Bernie down to manageable size.' 'How big would that be?'

COMPETITION CORNER. Mike Abbott has a go (see #2): 'The "boy-child ... puppet emperor" was, of course, Tim Illingworth. The unlabelled scale bar in *Read-Me* shows, for comparison, the traditional English Astral Pole against the new EC standard.'

THIRTY YEARS AGO. Brian Aldiss recalls 'Bullcon in Peterborough, '63. Guest of Honour was the elegant, witty, kindly Bruce Montgomery, better

known as Edmund Crispin, editor of the Faber Best SF series. Since Bruce was there, Kingsley Amis also attended (Kingsley had been GoH at Gloucester the year before, where he convulsed and irritated the audience by reading out part of an Arthur Clarke love story in a soppy voice). I sold Bruce an abstract oil painting. He lost it.'

CENTENNIAL BOOKS! The hot sf/fantasy titles of 1893 were Ambrose Bierce's *Can Such Things Be?*, Lewis Carroll's *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded*, Camille Flammarion's *La fin du monde*, Rudyard Kipling's *Many Inventions* and Robert Louis Stevenson's *Island Night's Entertainments*. But who now remembers Marie Corelli's *Barabbas: A Dream of the World's Tragedy*, Andrew Lang's *Prince Ricardo of Pantouflia* or H.Rider Haggard's *Montezuma's Daughter?* (*Voices of John Clute and Brian Stableford*: We do!) Novelette award: Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, for 'On The Moon'. Promising Newcomer of 1893 award: H.G.Wells, with his first short stories 'The Advent of the Flying Man' and 'A Slip Under the Microscope'—plus the article 'The Man of the Year Million', which spawned endless sf about atrophied bodies and giant brains swimming in nutrient fluid (available in pint measures from our hotel bar).

'WORLD-RULING CANDIDATE FAILS TO EXIST: analysis of ancient texts now indicates that Queen Boadicea was in fact a religious symbol of the Druids ... a willow tree.' [*What is all this? Ed.*]

WHAT THE 4-UK? Thomas R.P.Mielke tells us he is the *only* European to be a 4-UKer; i.e., to have attended four UK Worldcons.

CALL HIM HALF-UR: Further to issue #2, 1/2r comes under H in the Sou'Wester members' list.

COMPETITION: Whose journey was the most extended (i.e., the longest beyond the predicted time)? Answers, please, to the Tech who insisted on this item but refused to give his name.

Diminutive Horror!

Bernie Evans's journey from Birmingham to Jersey took 27 hours—is this a record?

It started when her 1045 flight on Wednesday was cancelled (due to bad weather). The airline, Jersey European, showed no concern for mere passengers but rather hoped everyone would go away without fuss. Quiet, retiring Bernie shyly demanded her three seats to Jersey. All flights from Birmingham were 'fully booked' until Sunday. The eventual offer: a flight from Exeter at 0730 next morning, reached via a courtesy coach starting at 0200. No thought was given to what passengers would do meanwhile. Bernie was

lucky to live locally; one family from Shrewsbury simply had to sit it out. The coach reached Exeter airport at 0430 Thursday morning. The airport was closed. Luckily the Evanses found one door that would open, and a kitchen, and a toilet.... A helpful security man dug out an airline rep who turned up at 0445 and, finally, apologized. 0600: the airport opened; meal tickets were issued. 0715: 'All flights are suffering indefinite delay.' 0830: takeoff! Bernie still boggles that Jersey European had no contingency plans. 'I will never use that airline again!' *Bernie/Krisia Oborn*

Dean of Horror Speaks Out

My first con? (*Ramsey Campbell asks himself.*) Could it have been Harrogate in 1961? I recall being introduced by Pat Kearney, then a fanzine editor and later the bibliographer of Olympia Press, to Ted Tubb and Mike Moorcock, both of whom seemed to my awed eyes to be approximately the size and shape of Easter Island statues. Pat told Mike I wrote stories in the style of Lovecraft. 'I don't like Lovecraft,' he said, not that I'm even remotely embittered after all this time.... I spent the rest of the evening in the bar, and the aftermath in bed, to awaken with that sense that the bedroom and/or my head was about to whirl away at great speed into the darkness. Alas, those were the days when hotels didn't provide *en suite* bathrooms, and I couldn't get the window open, but there was a sink in the room; when I woke in the morning I found a use for my free convention pencil that the organisers were unlikely to have thought of. Having eventually completed that task I remember being persuaded by Pat Kearney to go out for my first ever Chinese meal. It must have worked. More power to internationalism!

Major Pierson Died for You

Helicon members with long memories may recall that Major Pierson was mortally wounded at the moment of his victory when repelling the French assault on St Helier in 1781. This was, of course, the standard custom for British officers of the period in battles with the French, and a version of the scene is presented on a large painting displayed the Tate Gallery in London.

Old soldiers, art fanciers and the Jersey Historical Society thank the con membership for the several tableaux representing this scene enacted in various hotel bars last night. They wish to point out, however, that the appropriate bodily fluid for such enactments is *blood*. *Bob Webber*

Helicon

Helicon's Homeopape

4 • Saturday 10 April

Who He? (Ed.)

MALCOLM EDWARDS has (after years in exile) re-emerged at Helicon, puissant and handsome as ever. Rumours that this is connected with Worldcon committee meetings are ... aaarrrrgh!

DAVE LANGFORD denies everything, but would like you to buy his collected book reviews anyway. (Enquire at the Boardroom/Newsroom.)

CAROLINE MULLÄN at the Challenge Quiz: 'Where have my brain cells gone?' Audience: 'They're in the bar!'

MIKE CULE went to town and saw bins marked DOG WASTE ONLY. 'All very ecologically sound,' he nags, 'but imagine the life of the poor chap who has to clean them out...'

JOHN BRUNNER told his Hollywood agent that there ought to be a Euro-version of *Baywatch* set on topless beaches—'That'd get the viewers.' Our suggestion that it could be set in Wales and called *Cwmwatch* fell on deaf ears. *Eve Devereux*

PETER WESTON reports on diehard partyers: 'About 0325 Brian Aldiss staggered off to bed, and Chris Evans and I finally also decided to pack it in. Martin Hoare was still there too, actually, propping up the bar. He jeered at us as we left, "Fakefans!" The bar had closed by then.'

Attend and Listen!

VOODOO BOARD ... **Please check for your messages!** Important data for programme participants seems to be going unread. (In Registration.)

AWARDS ... remember the deadline for the Eastercon and Doc Weir Awards is 1800 (voting boxes at Registration).

BSFA AWARDS. 'Administrator Nicholas Mahoney wanted to give these awards at Jersey, but there appears to have been a unilateral decision by Kev McVeigh (the BSFA co-ordinator) that they should be held at Mexico—who are very unwilling, by the way....' (*Jenny Glover*) Ballot forms at the Information desk. All may vote!

RAFFLE. Win a 'Rosetta Stone 14-language "Holiday talk" thingy' (it says here). Grovel for your chance at the Con-Yak table, dealers' room.

CRASH SPACE? Alexander Korzhenevskji, Russian literary agent, hopes for a bed in London. Contact via Voodoo Board or dealers' room.

REVOLUTIONARY: you think Russia lacks capitalist acumen? Thanks to a certain table in the dealers' room, KGB membership has increased for the first time since glasnost at, shall we say, *flexible* prices. No hard feelings ... but the Cyrillic equivalent of *Caveat emptor* applies.

LOST! Foxy lost part of his earring (a crystal drop) in the Lido or hotel forecourt. If found please return to Sue Mason, who will express her gratitude in *the usual way*.

THE WOMEN'S PERIODICAL requested the loan of 'a suite with jacuzzi for our ever-so-genteel Tea Party.' Since none was available, members and other interested women are invited to meet in the Skyline balcony bar on Sunday at 1330.

FOODIES! *Central Park Restaurant*, 5 La Motte St: pasta/pizza/burger/veggie/Mississippi Mud Pie and fast service. *Pizza Express* (somewhere) ain't too bad either. (*Chorus*: 'Boo! Fakefan!')

CONFABULATION ... an abject retraction! Their logo depicting the great beasts native to Docklands is not a reindeer, it's a moose. They say.

RECOMMENDED: Mr Wonka's Chocolate Factory Tour. Visit the bowels of the hotel on an informal guided tour! Fascinating details of chocolate making are exhibited to an enraptured (nay, beatific) audience. Thrill as you dip your finger in a vat of chocolate and taste it. Boggle as you sniff the proffered bottles of flavourings used in some of the centres. Then go upstairs and buy hundreds of the things in the shop before they sell out. Tours start daily at 1100 and 0400, max 15 people/tour; assemble outside the chocolate shop itself.

Pam Wells

The More Things Change....

VIDEO: *WSF Annual Meeting China '91* by Thomas R.P. Mielke (Sat 1700 Basement): incredible adventures, starring Jack Williamson, Brian Aldiss, Frederik Pohl and the people of Chengdu, Szechuan. Special effects include a landslide in the panda reservation and the first pics of the Chinese space rocket *Long March 3E*....

ROMANIAN VIDEO A video of artwork by the Romanian artist Aurel Manole will be shown at 1900 in the Basement. If you can't wait until then, go and look at his display in the Art Show.

POMES. Monday's poetry whatsit (Golden 1100)

will now be 'mostly a reading', with John Brunner, Joe Haldeman, K.V.Bailey, Peter Garratt and a taped simulation of Steve Sneyd.

OF COURSE: Friday's *Crisis in Publishing* panel was ... cancelled.

GIVE WARNING TO THE WORLD: a Certain Party was charged corkage of an undisclosed sum said to be in excess of £499.00. Be warned, fans.

EUROPEAN SF AWARDS Ballot boxes and voting slips for 'Spirit of Dedication' Prizes are at the Art Show and Information. Eurocon members, please do vote. Categories: Best Artwork, Best Fanzine.

JOHN BRUNNER'S TROUSERS vanished in the direction of the costume workshop for repair while JB cowered in his room. Rumour says that a gopher was despatched for a new pair. Jack Cohen comments: 'I always carry at least 4 pairs.'

Helicondom

OVERHEARD. To a con treasurer: 'You keep your money between your knees?' 'It's vitally secure there.' • In bar, 0900: 'Can we have an audience for the audience quiz?' • 'A survey: who would you most like to see dipped in chocolate for dinner?' • At end of 2001: 'OK, but what's all this got to do with French renaissance furniture?'

KEES VAN TOORN—is he real? Sources close to our FGoH report stunned amazement at the factoids in KvT's programme book biography. 'This is the first I knew that Leiden was in the West Indies,' gasped Larry van der Putte on reading of his birthplace....

PC NOTE: certain fans from afar are what we call *differently currencied* and can't buy (e.g.) drinks. Remember this when buying a round....

10 APRIL BIRTHDAYS. Catherine Barnett 1951, Dave Langford 1953 (the Thunderbirds and Robert Maxwell birthday cards—the latter *personally delivered by Stupendous Man!*—were appreciated through clenched teeth by our fast-declining editor), Lenin 1870-1924, Ross Pavlac 1951. *The Cabinet of Dr Caligari* released 1921.

9 APRIL OMISSION. A certain scion of the HdF and chocolate shop secretly reached 30....

TRICENTENNIAL CYBERPUNK. In 1693 Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz of calculus fame invented the first mechanical calculator that could multiply and divide, thus heralding an exciting new era of arguments over the restaurant bill. ('Fie on you and your Engine, fir, I had only a fmall falad and a Pepfi.')

IF I RULED ... Paid advert: Ming for King! • The Jersey Operatic Society production of *Turandot* stars lead soprano Ming the Merciless. • We hear

that one Mr Mittenshaw-Hodge will enter the hustings as Tinkerbell. •

CORRECTION TIME! Ron Bennett denounces 'the memories of Brian Campbell and Ramsey Aldiss' in *Heliograph* 2. 'Peterborough 1963, yes, but Harrogate in 1962 and Gloucester (the LXIcon, dammit) in 1961....'

MORE EASTERCON MEMORIES ... or in Chris Priest's case, amnesias: '1963 is before my time (my first con was the 1964 Repetercon). 1973 is in the thick of my time, but through drunkenness, satyriasis or general fannishness I can't remember a bloody thing about it all ... except I must have been there with Penny Grant, then just starting her career as news-page editor of *SF Monthly*, which was to wreak its havoc on Tynecon the following year. And 1983 (sodding hell) now turns out to be *after* my time! How short is our mortal span.'

QUATERCENTENARY. In 1593 Johannes Kepler drafted his space opera based on the hot new heliocentric theory and involving demon-powered travel to the Moon (hard science). It appeared as *Somnium* in 1634 and just missed a Hugo (but did well in the Eastercon Silly Awards).

EDITOR'S BIRTHDAY. As greetings poured in to the *Heliograph* office, busily typing Dave Langford was heard to use the famous Brian Aldiss Getting-the-Little-Swine-to-Bed technique.

The Einstein Intersection

How many fans does it take to change a slide carousel? Three, apparently—and, in a triumph of British know-how over American ingenuity another to manually change the slides. It was interesting, after seeing the magic lantern projector outside the Lido Theatre, to return to those good old days.

The main message of the *Intersection* presentation, where this arrangement was witnessed, seemed to be that the Scottish Exhibition and Conference Centre is a very large place and all hands will be required to fill it. See your larger-than-life ideas implemented on a grand scale—write in with your suggestions for functions, events, and programming, giving your name and address so they'll know who'll do the work.

One bright idea: using the dockside crane for a large, lightweight 'stereologo' for the con. The idea of using a giant, inflatable Dave Langford (à la 1987's *Battlefield Earth* promotion) was not resoundingly acclaimed, but neither was the thought of using the real one at much lower cost. *Intersection* may be oversized, but it is not cheap.

Helicon

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The Voice of Fate

JOHN CLUTE tergiversates: 'Text is terrifying!'

BANQUET. Those who have not collected or not paid for their tickets *must* do so before 1100 on Sunday, at Registration.

CARCINOGEN BAN: *Please note* that the Skyline bar is NON-SMOKING.

BSFA AWARDS. *Mexicon* speaks: 'We refute the foul and pernicious rumours. We *may* once have been asked if we'd host the awards. We have been asked to (and are) hosting the BSFA AGM, but have heard nothing about the awards. Our degree of willingness is a figment of your correspondent's [*Jenny Glover's*] imagination.'

QUOTE ½R UNQUOTE: the saga continues. ½r is #2 in Millennium's members list—the computer sorts 'quotes', then numbers, then letters.... Bernie Evans uses alphabetical order, so ½r will be under C in her *Mexicon* list, E for Novacon.

REAL ALE SURVEY: 'I've found out why the new Mary Ann beer is called "Old Jersey Ale". They keep it in the brewery until it's past its best.'

LOST! *Parris's* black leather wallet and passport. Before trying to gain residence in Jersey she issues the usual pitiful pleas for return of passport, wallet and contents, including a rare photo of her taken during her run-away-from-fandom-to-join-the-circus days, and several maxed-out credit cards. Finder will be most kindly rewarded. [*Not Jan Howard specifically—Ed.*]

BID RUMOUR! Rock Con, a 1995 Eastercon in or on Gibraltar, has just been whispered.... (The logo is a traditional Gibraltar moose.)

COSTUMERS' NEWSLETTER Would you like to receive, contribute to or even wear such an organ? Giulia De Cesare wants to produce trial issues: what follows depends on the level of interest. Contact Information to learn more.

FORBIDDEN PLANET is pleased to announce an informal signing with Katharine Kerr at 1300 hrs Sunday in the Dealers' Room.

WANTED. Russian fan Anton Sviridenko seeks a lift to Paris on Monday/Tuesday. Contact in Dealers' Room or via Voodoo Board.

NOW HEAR THIS. *Convention Killer* players are reminded that the back sticker 'I've got a life' means something rather different from 'I'm alive'.

(Our editor asked: 'Why not *Pre-Dead?*')

do se cinri pei? lo rutni bangu ('Are you interested in constructed languages?'): Lojban is a language being created, written and spoken by linguists, logicians, computer scientists and people with an interest in the mechanics of the languages they speak. It is the latest implementation of the ideas of **Loglan**, first described by James Cooke Brown in *Scientific American* in 1960. If interested, come to the Colony Room at 1600 on Sunday, or contact Colin Fine or Iain Alexander via the voodoo board. There will be a further session on Monday (1000, Basement).

IT'S INCONCEIVABLE! This is *not* a spoof Eastercon bid but the sequel to Inconsequential. 'We didn't feel like calling it Inconvenient or Incontinent. Now stop telling us it's a spoof and join.'

Pink Fluffy Bunnies on Elm Street has been resurrected. Past, present or future members should please contact Tom Abba (Voodoo Board).

TSAR OF THE RINGS. Want to join Hobbit Games in Kazan (Russia) in August? Addresses to Ann and/or Mikhail at their Dealers' Room table.

Intersection reminds its 'friend' members and presupporters that their membership discounts expire on 30th April. Get the cheaper rate *now* at the Intersection table, Dealers' Room.

WORLDCON: IRELAND. The 2001½ Worldcon bid (also bidding for the 2002 Eastercon and Eurocon) is around again. Its committee will be at the proposed SFCD party, seeking support. The use of 8 inch punched cards means that all membership lists are now unreadable and can no longer be used. Presupporters should indicate continuing interest by inscribing their name and address on the top of a pint of Guinness and passing it to a committee member, who will file it appropriately.

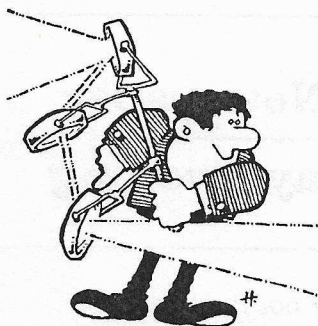
AD SPACE for sale in the biggest Ukrainian sf series! Contact Boris Sidyuk, Dealers' Room.

CHOCOLATE JUNKIE EXPLODES! These 5Kg chocolate bars contain over 50,000 kilojoules—enough to sustain an average human for 6 days or melt 154kg of ice at 0°C.

Reality Check

LATE MOVIES (i.e. early morning): tonight, *Slither*; Sunday, *Young Einstein*.

JACK COHEN's talk is at 1030 Sunday, not 1100.



Lionel Fanthorpe:
Justly Neglected
Author (1500 Sunday)
... cancelled through
lack of courage.

TVSF: *What Is A Cult
And How To Make
One*. Be Seeing You?
(Basement, Sunday
1600.)

JOINT FAN FUNDS

AUCTION—proceeds to TAFF, GUFF and Fans Across The World—will now be at 2330 not 2200 (Sunday, Golden Lounge). Please come and buy books and Other Items for these worthy causes. Further donations of material for sale are most welcome: see Pam Wells (TAFF), Roelof Goudriaan (GUFF) or Bridget Wilkinson (FATW), or bring material to the auction.

Pam Wells

XENO BIOLOGY: quiz deadline extended from Sunday noon to Monday noon. Exam papers from Robert Sneddon; fee £2.00, all proceeds to Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust. A score of 75%+ will earn valuable research books including Dougal Dixon's *Man after Man* (signed), *Durrell in Russia* by the Trust's founder Gerald Durrell, and *Barlowe's Guide to Extraterrestrials*. Put completed papers in the box at the Information desk.

The Golden Helix

OVERHEARD. Jack Cohen: 'I'm not going to move very far for a free drink.' Chorus: 'Boo! Fakefan!' • 'I'm desperately shy.' (D.Langford, very loudly, in bar.) • 'I want to be dipped in chocolate and thrown to the Klingons.' • 'I know that you're female, because your badge says "Nina"' • Terry Hunt: 'It's a good thing humanity doesn't depend on explosive dispersal for reproduction.' Hugh Mascetti: 'What an interesting idea...'

WEATHER NOTE. An unexpected heavy fall of copies of *Concatenation* afflicted fans in the hotel forecourt today. The prognosis is uncertain.

ER Delivered to the Heliograph offices: ZOMBIES: Ari (the one with the nosering pissed on the floor), Marko (the one with pony hair) passed out, Danne (the king zombie) went to sleep early, Eta (the Dutch zombie) pissed of everyone, Tom (the Rock zombie) drank too much and didn't understand science-fiction fans who believed in UFOs or horror fans who believed in supernatural. (Sic. Will anyone owning this message please take it back to Finland?)

CENTENNIAL SCIENCE! In 1893, Wilhelm Wien anticipated later findings at crowded room

parties with his Nobel-winning work on the radiation of hot bodies. Charles Steinmetz prepared the way for a later Frederik Pohl collection title by completing the mathematical analysis of Alternating Currents. And Sigmund Freud and Josef Breuer published their seminal *The Psychic Mechanism of Hysterical Phenomena*—the first known study of Eastercon bidding sessions.

FAMOUS MUMBLERS OF FILMLAND. At *Visual Images 2* presentation: 'As you can see, there's quite a bit of information in just the first three pages of this script [*Aliens*]. If you were to just read this the way you would a book, "Wuh wuh wuh," you'd miss it all.' Is *this* why novels rarely make a smooth transition to the screen?

JERSEY RADIO: the ace reporter found time to interview one or two con members during brief gaps in his demanding schedule of *Killer*....

HELICON STATISTICS! We have filled 7 Jersey hotels and drunk 1,600 pints of real ale, as at 1300 Saturday. Chocolate count: 2,500 champagne truffles, 55 of the 5kg blocks, 7 large rabbits, 82 Easter eggs, 1 lifesize Tim Illingworth, and 20 people have taken the behind-the-scenes tour. (Still 3,000 truffles and 8,500 other chocs to go. Must Try Harder.)

BEAR HORROR SHOCK. A copy of *Eon* was sold! Sorry, start again.... Overheard: 'I've been asked to tell you the bear in the box is getting loose.' Is it stalking the Art Show seeking vengeance? Should John Harold be WARNED?

Chris Bell

IF I RULED ... *Urgent!* Wanted for maleficence, ballot rigging, brigandage, small furry animal molestation, breaking and entering, and self-effacement: *Stupendous Man*, *Boadicea*, *Ming the Merciless*, *Genghis Khan*, *Sir Edmund Blackadder*. • The Lido cinema has a special screening of *The Sound of Music* by request of Mr G.Khan. • *Thog the Mighty* doesn't want to rule the world.

TECH OPS were disappointed that the Intersection coverage in #4 was not by Ian Sorensen, but wish to insert a token death threat anyway.

MODESTY forbids a cackling John Grant to say whether or not it was his team (M.Scott, M.Cule, V.Brown) that trounced that of fellow-*Encyclopaedist* John Clute (R.Robinson, B.Ameringen, M.Rowland) by 365 to 220 in the FoF Official Battle of the Titans Quiz. At one stage tech staff were called to check whether JC's team's buzzers were actually functional. Alas ... they were.

VOX POP (on *Heliograph*): 'It's all done with mirrors.' 'Well, it's a pity they don't have a page three, innit?' 'Is that the Spiegel catalogue?' 'You could have made that 365 a bit bigger, Dave....'

Helicon

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Them!

BRIAN ALDISS, Sci Fi author, corrects our roving *Sun* reporters: 'I told no kiddies, not even Brian Burgess, to "Fuck Off". Nor did I disappear when asked silly questions by the *Independent* reporter; in fact the question he asked was "Do you also write under the name of Harry Harrison," yet I sat placidly clutching my glass....'

BOUNTY HUNT. The *Living With a Writer* panel was a no-smoking event, as Katharine Kerr (whose hubby was a panellist) pointed out to the person sitting in front of her. According to Malcolm Edwards the reply was approximately 'Shut up, you bitch,' accompanied by a jet of smoke blown in her face, leading to a serious and painful asthma attack. This smoker's identity is now sought by several interested parties....

FAKEFAN COUNT: 'There were *no* true fans in the bar when I went to bed at 0600!' Chris Bell

ANON WRITES: 'Dear Langford, You will get yours soon. (1'st chance I get.) Signed, A Pulp Reader.' [Dear Pulp, Learn apostrophe's first—Ed.]

MALCOLM EDWARDS, says Kees van Toorn mysteriously, Has Been Talked To and Will Pay. The universe is set aright....

GAMMA says: 'Barry Bayley is writing this *great* book about *robot sex!* Robots with children!'

Insidious Vegan Mind Control

ARTWORK. Those who bought any *must* collect it by 1800 today, when the Art Show goes *spung!*

MASQUERADE prizes will be given at the closing ceremony (except to Sir Edmund Blackadder), and *not* at the Awards presentation.

BANQUET: Unwanted tickets should be taken to Information NOW! • People on the waiting list for spare tickets *must* go to Information at 1430 today. If this clashes with any programme item you wish to attend, contact Information NOW!

HOW TO WIN A EUROCON: Saturday's ESFS meeting featured the final showdown between the eager contenders Timisoara (Romania) and Teplice (Czech Republic). The contest was decided in favour of Timisoara. Their smooth presentation was helped by the detail that nobody representing the competing bid is actually attending Helicon.... Roelof Goudriaan

OVERFLOW BOOK AUCTION—now MOVED to 1000 Monday, in the Colony Room—book buyers please note, and come to be fleeced!

PLAGIARISM HORROR—MCBAIN SUES: Those enjoying that Langford's writing here can also order a selection of his *good* stuff in *Let's Hear it for the Deaf Man*—NESFA table, Dealers' Room. Only £3.50 plus postage. Sharon Sbarsky

L.A. IN '96 presupporters: pick up your Helicon Sticker at the Dealers' Room bid table and enter the raffle! Open Monday 1000-1800. Bruce Pelz

TEN DAY WONDER TANDOORI. The *Taj Mahal* appears to work on the Lovecraftian approach to cuisine: 'I am excited not so much by the actual *presence* of mysterious Bengali dishes before me as I am by the eldritch *rumour and suggestion* that these exotic apparitions might one day appear.' Be warned.... Ramsey Campbell

BAH, HUMBUG: some of those lured in for the Millennium and Little, Brown sales pitches by the promise of free drink were less than delighted to discover that *only* alcohol was available. Sort it out by Mexican, grumbles the Teetotal Tendency, or see your sales diverted to clean-living Pan.

MORE FOODIES. Try *Blues*, Halkett Street. David Stewart: 'An eclectic dining experience in a de-constructivist, postmodern metaphor.' Frank de Cuyper: 'Pleasantly spiced food.' David Stewart: 'That's what I just said....' • Manhattan Restaurant (in square at end of Bath Street): very pleasant, well lit, nice Irish waitress. Good corn-on-the-cob, garlic bread—best in town—hamburgers and ice creams; the amusing house wine (Rioja) is eminently drinkable. (Pat McMurray)

WAITERS in the HdF have been seen contemplating our posters with some bewilderment. This is totally unacceptable: clause 5(3)a of the Eastercon Code clearly states that all posters etc. must be *totally* incomprehensible to non-fans.

NEW ESFS BORED. (*Bridget*: 'That's "board"!') On Saturday a new board was elected. Chair Bridget Wilkinson, UK; vice-chair Wiktor Bukato, Poland; secretary Leonid Kourik, Ukraine; treasurer Jürgen Marzi, Germany. Jürgen Marzi

BARKING. Foxy thanks whoever found and returned his earring. Tom Abba sends congrats....

COMPLANIT. The Starlight Room's Polish flag is upside-down. (Couldn't run a flag up in a ...)

NOVACON now has flyers at its con desk. Awesome, towering Bernie Evans *demands* that you come and join. £20 here, £25 after Helicon.

SF CLUB DEUTSCHLAND: want to renew membership for 1993? See the treasurer, Achim Sturm, at this convention. *Oliver Grüter-Andrew.*

ZOMBIE CLUB REBUTTAL: 'We deny everything. We are actually quite cute & nice. We love everybody (Especially everybody with soft fluffy brains)' [Ed: *The Zombie Club are those very nice Finnish fans in black leather and metal studs.*]

The Event Police

STOP PRESS! Confabulation wins 1995 Eastercon with hotel room rates of £31/night for a twin or double, in Docklands! (£37 single.) Gorblimey.

SF ENCYCLOPAEDIA SIGNING. John Clute and John Grant will sign *The Encyclopaedia of SF* today at 1600—Dealers' Room. Be there or....

VIDEO. 2000, Basement: *The Prisoner—Arrival.*

ADDITIONAL PANELS: *Where Do We Go From Here?* SF/politics of the future, 1300 Regency, in English+. • *What Are The Differences Between Fandoms?* 2000 Regency in German (2 panellists needed). • *Current German SF*, 1500 Basement, in Welsh ... no, German. • *Is English the Language of SF*, 1800 Basement, in Pascal ... no, actually French. • *Where Do You Start with Foreign SF*, 1700 Golden, in foreign (er, multiple languages). • *Where are the Jules Vernes of Today?* In France. That is, in French, Monday 1300 Regency. • The *Lionel Fanthorpe* item has been replaced, superseded, transcended, and another put in its stead (etc): *A Beginners' Guide to SETI* by Dave Clements, 1500 Empire, in alien.

IQ SHORTAGE. Over 100 people have arrived at Helicon without having pre-booked accommodation. We have therefore now filled *eight* hotels.

Helicity

WHO? Which potential Eastercon chair was observed this a.m. in the pool, indulging in an Adulterous Relationship with a shark? (Afterwards the shark said *Pssssss...*) *Alison Scott*

OVERHEARD: 'If this were a normal con all you'd have to do would be to find someone....' [And then you'd know where they were—Ed.] • In Ops: 'We printed out all the programme participant letters and A.N. Other's was three pages long....' • Programming subcommittee irregular verbs: 'I reschedule, you slip, he runs late.' • In the swimming pool: 'That's not a six foot inflatable shark, that's an aquatic moose!' • 'Someone here

is a sucker for punishment ... went to his first ever con and ended as a committee member, came here and got drafted for Sou'Wester....' • 'I've got to find a black plastic sack ... and preferably something to put in it.' • 'Just sign the book, John—no, hold it up at the same time so that we can see the cover—no, look this way while you're doing it—click!'

11 APRIL BIRTHDAY. Rhodri James ('Tim Illingworth Jr') 1965. Movie releases: *Bride of Frankenstein* 1935, *Tarzan's Savage Fury* 1952, *Conquest of Space* 1955. Apollo 13 launched 1970.

GORBLIMEY! *Claire Brialey* claims the new record for delayed arrival, with a 31-hour delay from Brighton. 'The airline (City Not-Flyer and Not-Very-Express) offered virtually no help—reduced rates only at a Gatwick Hotel, no meals, no compensation, dodgy information and no sympathy.' (*So much for that, then. Important bit follows.*) 'We did get a free drink on the aborted flight but were charged for alcohol on Thursday: "It's company policy that we're not responsible for the weather or any associated delays." ... If it weren't for the return journey on Tuesday (or Wednesday, or Thursday) I could say with total confidence that I will never use that airline again.'

NOTA BENE: Guernsey/Jersey COINS (as opposed to notes) are NOT acceptable outside the Islands. So—clear your currency each day and put those non-UK coins in Fans Across The Worlds coffers.

JERSEY POLICE rang: 'We've found this Roman-ian passport ... we guess it's one of yours?'

RUMOUR MILL: FP were apparently advised they could sell *the Encyclopaedia* at its launch. There were objections from millions of other dealers, which is why *the Encyclopaedia* was only available in the dealers' room from 1000 today....

TRUTH SHALL BE TOLD. The spellcheck on the mighty *Heliograph* computer, confronted by 'committees', suggests 'comatose'....

MEMBERSHIP STATS. Sunday 1100: 798 full members, 27 one-day memberships (12 Friday, 11 Saturday, 4 Sunday) and 5 toy memberships: TOTAL 830, of whom 52.02 are Romanians.

EROTIC SF panel ... 'The French are suggesting installing teledildonic machines in hotel rooms....' *Mike Cule*: 'I'm not sure I would want to put anything of mine into any such orifices.' *Dave Clements*: 'What about your credit card?' *Mike Abbott*: 'By barcoding suitable portions of anatomy you could pay at the same time.' *Brian Ameringen*: 'Surely, when you cross a teledildonics machine with a cashpoint you get someone coming into money?'

Helicon

Helicon's Newspaper

7 • Sunday Evening

The Lunatic Fringe

DISCRETION. We are not allowed to reveal the number of the room in which GoH Karel Thole and Jean Owen broke the bed.

MALCOLM EDWARDS leaps to our defence! 'I can't imagine why Brian Aldiss thinks he's the *only* person you print misinformation about....' He also mysteriously asserts that he will not pay (see #6) but 'will ensure that those who owe will. It's all Richard Evans's and Jo Thomas's fault anyway. KvT professes himself happy.'

BRIAN BURGESS HURLS BACK. 'As from now [*Sunday*], Brian Aldiss will no longer get free pork pies or milk from me!' Brian Aldiss, in tones of rising hope: 'You mean if I insult him enough he'll never talk to me again?'

CHRIS BELL SPLUTTERS: 'You know, you really are a grade-A 22-carat first-class ning-nong sometimes, Langford!'

QUESTION. Why exactly did Lawrence Watt-Evans think that he was Brian Aldiss and that John Brunner should go to bed?

BLOODY HELL. Alex Stewart's nose exploded after yesterday's Millennium party—but not, said fascinated bystanders, sanguinously enough.

WELL, MALCOLM THINKS IT'S FUNNY: Timmy Edwards (3) at breakfast: 'Soft white bums are my favourite.'

A Noun: 'Cement'

EXPOTEL TRAVELLERS PLEASE NOTE!!! Pick-up times for transportation to the airport/harbour are displayed on the board next to the Expotel Desk in the lobby. It is *imperative* you check here the day before departure.

ASTONISHING BARGAINS! The *Confabulation* flyer tells it like it is: 'Children born on or before 13/4/81 pay the supporting rate, and small children (born on or before 13/4/87) pay nothing.' • 'Confabulation would like to announce that their child rate is actually for—oh, you guessed....'

IAN SORENSEN wishes to apologize. No, not for that, just for having no issue of *Conrunner* out.

LOST & FOUND. The Ops Room currently holds a bottle of 'pils—sorry—pills' (ho ho), a Ferrari 348 (yes), a Casio watch, a sum of money (state amount/currency when claiming, or it goes to

TAFF), some pb novels *and more*. Call in if you're missing any possessions or vital bodily parts.

FAITH UNZIPS. Faith Brooker has lost her leather coat in or near the Mainsail Bar. 'It's got zips.'

STREWTH! 'There are 3 bloody Kiwis (NZ persons) at bloody Helicon. This should be recorded in the bloody newsletter as we have bloody travelled a bloody long way. Colonials bloody rule!'

HOARY. In the interests of programming efficiency, Brian Ameringen suggests combining his next Erotic SF panel with the massage workshop.

XENO BIOLOGY quiz correction: 'A score of 75%+ will earn the undergraduate a *degree certificate*, and the HIGHEST scores will also earn valuable Xenobiology research books, including [*etc, etc*].'

LIFTS WANTED. Four Russians seek lifts, singly or together, to London from Weymouth ferry arriving 2250 Monday or Tuesday (drivers' choice) or Poole ferry arriving 1800 Tuesday. Volunteer driver(s) to Russian desk in Dealers' Room, or contact Yuri Savchenko via Voodoo Board.

AWARDS. Ask Joe Haldeman for a look at 'the funniest trophy given at Helicon' (in fact the Futuro Remoto prize for best SF novel published in Italy, 1991: Joe's *The Hemingway Hoax* won).

RESTAURANT PLUG: *Bamboo Garden*, Cantonese cuisine, Burrard Street. 'Looks like a café, but the food's good.' Phone 71301 (maybe). Dave Ellis

LONELY HEARTS: 'To the Finnish Zombies—I like you! Zombies make wonderful game pie; but only if well hung. (See Woad Warrior for details.)'

EUROCON 1994: £12 registration at the Romanian desk (Dealers' Room) will make you friends for life—'We love your Western currency.'

Chopping & Changing

UNLIMITED LUNICON THEATRE Co: Cabaret, silly games and worse—Golden Lounge, 2000 Sunday.

Disco (2200 Madisons Nightclub): astonishing concessions have been made! Rather than 'smart dress', you are allowed to come in anything you like (Martin Hoare: 'Oh good, I'll come in the Land-Rover.'). In a massive policy reversal, pints of Mary Ann will be served and will cost no more than in mere bars.

DEALERS' ROOM CLOSING at 1600 on Monday! But *What Can Replace a Fanzine?* (Monday 1100 Regency) Lilian Edwards, listed as chair, is

not here; panellists now include **Pam Wells**.

Cybergamesmaze (Monday 2000) ran into black ice and is now replaced by *Multilingual Charades*.

Election Special!

IF I RULED THE UNIVERSE.... • Winner: First Tiger Hobbes, a late entry (65 votes). Genghis Khan scored 28 or 1 (one horde, one vote), Boadicea 20, Tim Illingworth 10 (plus 539 disallowed proxy votes from Atlanta fandom), Stupendous Man ('I only need one vote—and this duplicator!') 6, Sir Edmund Blackadder 3, Ming the Merciless 0. Thog the Mighty spells universe 'gllb'. • Campaign run-down: *Sir Edmund Blackadder* thanked everyone who came to his pre-victory party last night in the basement • *Boudicca* wanted to know who this upstart was. Boudicca: she has the experience! Unlike Genghis Khan. • *Tim Illingworth* acknowledged Blackadder's party and pointed out that under the hotel contract he owes the HdF £1000 corkage plus 50p for delousing Baldrick. • *Ming the Merciless*: 'Whoever wins the debate gets to run the 1996 Eastercon.' • *Stupendous Man*'s amazing mental strength, he said, will help him defeat the whiles (*sic*) of short person!! • *Alison Scott* says: 'Mittenshaw-Hodge has got a cheek campaigning as Blackadder when the fan who *most resembles* Sir EB just happens to be married to Ming the Merciless!' • *Rog Peyton* soothed: 'What's all this Ming-fucking?' • *Thog the Mighty* took the hint and went to bed....

Islands in the Net

OVERHEARD: 'We had a theological problem at the charades—is Ghu more powerful than Tim Illingworth?' [*Thog the Mighty* says: 'Cannot settle order of precedence between louse and flea.'] • 'You spend all your time raking it out and poking things down it....' • 'That Chris Bell! Only fake-fans go to bed—the parties were still on at 0600.' • 'I'm coming to Colorado even if you are politically incorrect.' • 'When Thog the Mighty eat cheesecake, cheesecake know it been eaten.'

SIGHTING: a member of HdF hotel staff was seen putting up *Con Killer* posters! After hours of paranoia and bad taste yesterday, Douglas Reay won and became our Official Hannibal Lecter.

THE CORKAGE £500 MYSTERY. No, it *wasn't* Martin Hoare. Hawaii or Busted.

OVERHEARD AT THAT BIDDING SESSION: *Alison Scott*: 'We will run an escort service at night.' • *Sue Mason*: 'We will offer reindeer tasting and

stag parties.' • *Steve Davies*, asked how much chocolate would be imported: 'Cubic feet or metric tonnes?' 'Yes.' • *Sue Mason*: 'We're willing to sacrifice the fat.' • *Steve Davies* again: 'It's a modern hotel with 18th-century railway décor.'

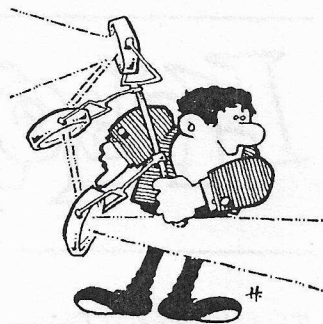
TRICENTENARY. In 1693, the world-famous actress and sf author Eliza Haywood was born: her 1738 *The Adventures of Eovaa, Princess of Ijavea: A Pre-Adamitical History* has been a strong favourite in sf con charades ever since. It was a good year for translations, with Sir Thomas Urquhart doing volume 3 of François Rabelais's *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, and Jacques Sadeur's epic making it into English as *A New Discovery of Terra Incognita Australis, or the Southern World*. (*The Plain People of Fandom*: Really desperate to fill up the space, eh? *Heliograph*: So much for cultural uplift, you lowbrows.)

'REMEMBER HIS NAME, AND KEEP WATCHING,' Roger Zelazny tells *Antivity* readers re a book called *Warpath*, by, er, by ... we scanned the ad in vain.

WSFS BUSINESS MEETINGS will henceforth be conducted entirely in LOGJAM. Language-designer Robert Sachs said: 'Chthlh@ ft\$!gn Ryl*h. Fth&gn fth©gn I% I+ Sh£b Nigg&®&th. And the shoggoth Tm lll&ngw&th rode in on. By B*g!'

THAT LIGHT NORWEGIAN TOUCH. The Eurocon in North America (combined with NASFiC) continues. Latest offer for Eurocon 1996: To be held on Norwegian territory with an extensive video programme—Dave Lally has so far paid for the only ticket sold. Venue: Bouvet Island (Nor.), South Atlantic, the most isolated island on the Earth. It appears unknown to Lally—but known to the Eurocon Committee—that his ticket is one way (and which TV series would he be forced to watch continuously?).

VOX POP (newsroom): 'We've already done this long bit you've just typed up.' 'Oh, well, yeah, uh, leave it there anyway.' • 'By George, Watson, sometimes you have flashes of insight!' 'Illuminatory, my dear Holmes.' • 'Thank you for making me a virgin again!' • 'Are we still working on your neck and back, Dave?' • 'The good thing about talking about *Report on Probability A* is that no one's ever finished it.' 'Oh, did Aldiss?' • 'Don't these Anne McCaffrey jokes just drag on?'



Masters of the Universe

GUESS M.WHO? Which famous Scots sf author was seen to get under the carpet in the bar and crawl resistlessly around beneath it? Tact forbids....

HUG HORROR! David V.Barrett to tactile-over-advantaged fans: 'But you didn't hug Malcolm Edwards as he went past!' Chris Bell: 'Who's Malcolm Edwards?'

ROG & ARLINE PEYTON go to bed at the same time (0030)! 'Well, I'm just knackered,' said the doyen of dealers and foremost among fakefans....

THE INDEPENDENT's article on Helicon today catches the subtle, elusive flavour of fandom: 'Otherwise it is unclear who these people are. They could be someone's neighbour or relative....' Trenchant stuff, all written in the present tense.

PETER WESTON says: 'She went to bed at 0300! Who's the fakefan now?' A noted campanologist adds: 'False! Weston went smugly to bed shortly after. At 0700 I saw the last trufans—four Finns, a Dutchman and Barry Traish hitting each other with a plastic inflatable hammer that SQUEAKED. Yeek! I don't want to be a trufan....' We hear the filking ceased by 0300—Chorus: 'Fake Filk Fans!'

JOAN PATERSON, as she tottered sweating from the disco: 'I'd say I'm getting too old for this, except Kathy's mum is still bopping in there....'

CAN SUCH THINGS BE? Tim Illingworth is rumoured to be changing his name by deed poll to Bridget Wilkinson.

The (Almost) Final Programme

NEW ITEM: *Vampire in the Dark* (1400-1700 Golden), a Silly Game. 'If you want to wander round with eyes closed groping other people, this was made for you!'

TONIGHT'S FILMS: *Frankenstein: the True Story* and *Young Einstein* ('not *Young Frankenstein* and *Einstein: the True Story* as Tech said'—nor indeed *Frankenstine* [etc etc] as our informant said).

The Glamour: Chris Priest's own dramatization of his famously remaindered book is *The Monday Play* on Radio 4 tonight (1945).

Forgotten Futures RPG: Marcus Rowland's demo game/playtest is at 2000 (Games Room, after auction). He hints that something very special

from the chocolate shop will be featured....

God Told Me To

SMASHING SALE! Helicon goblets now available at £3.50 each, £12 for four. We presume they're somewhere in the dealer's room—help save Tim Illingworth's wallet for the nation....

CHRIS BELL RUNS OUT OF STAMPS: collect your Sou'Wester PRs from the con table in the Dealers' Room, she pleads.

FREE PLUG. If you were the person who borrowed from Ops a 13amp 2-pin adaptor to recharge their Mac, please return it to Clare (Head of Tech) at Ops AT ONCE.

EASTERCON AWARDS: Long Text: Geoff Ryman, Was.... Artwork: Jim Burns, cover for *Kaeti on Tour* (Roberts). Dramatic Presentation: Armageddon Enterprises, Illumination fireworks. Short Text: Dave Langford, *HelioGRAPH* Ansible.

DOC WEIR AWARD: Bridget Wilkinson.

ESFS AWARDS WINNERS. Hall of Fame ... Author: Iain Banks (UK). Artist Jim Burns (UK). Magazine: *Anticipatia* (Romania). Promoter Larry van der Putte (Netherlands). Publisher: Phantom Press International (Poland) • Spirit of Dedication Awards (fan) ... Artwork on Display: Gilles Francescano (France). Fanzine on Display: BEM (Spain). • Encouragement Awards (new authors/artists) Sue Thomas (UK), Fons Boelanders (Belgium), Radoslaw Dylis (Poland), Josef Zarnay (Slovakia), Vasily Zvyagintsev (Russia), Ludmilla Kozinets (Ukraine), Alexandru Ungureanu (Romania), Cato Sture (Norway), G.Nagy Pal (Hungary), Paolo Brera (Italy), Paco Roca (Spain), Jean Pierre Planque (France), Shörly Zümmistäk (Ruritania). • 'Most Friendly Alien' Awards ('EuroDoc-Weirs'): Piotr W.Cholewa (Poland), Piotr 'Raku' Rak (Poland). [That enough awards—Thog.]

CONGRATS. I've never been to a British SF Con before, and would like to say how professional and well organized it was, ~~especially the accuracy of the newsletter~~. Special greetings to the Security staff. Larry W.Roeder Jr, LitSearch.

FOOD: Peter T.Garratt recommends the Imperial Restaurant (Cantonese and Peking Cuisine), 15 The Parade, tel 66388. ('I can't tell you exactly where that is because I was lost and had to get a taxi back to the hotel.') Peter also discovered that

if you plead *very lengthily and deeply sincerely* you can get *brown toast* at breakfast!

NINA WATSON would like to point out that she's not a typo. Neither is Caroline Mullan.

ÜBER ALLES: After frenzied pleas for people to finish the beer (*Fakefans!*) the SFCD party was declared a success. The Regional Gruppe G.B. would like to thank all those concerned.

THE MOUSE THAT ROARS: NESFA, shortly after the Sheraton hotel deal broke down, contacted Uncle Kees asking him to bid for Holland in '98. Kees will pay again! And again. And again.

JOHN HAROLD, hot supporter of the Ireland in 2001½ Worldcon bid, has volunteered as Security chief. Genghis Khan will be his deputy.

Channel's Destiny

OVERHEARD. At the Banquet, *Jan Howard Finder* confronted chicken terrine ... 'I didn't reach the top of the food chain to eat tofu!' • 'Bridget Wilkinson has legs!' • 'They seem to get larger when you put them in dinner jackets.' • 'It's a good way to end a meal ... very relaxing.' 'Yes—but better in leather.' • 'Robert Sachs is Ben Yalow's Evil Twin.' • 'You mean I'm—wow!—a CROSS REFERENCE in the *SF Encyclopaedia*?' • 'Somebody's singing "Somewhere Over the Rainbow".' 'Must be Chris Bell.' • 'Are you claiming to be nubile?' • 'Someone bit me last night and I don't know whom....' (see *Illumination* newsletters, *passim*). • Instructor explaining the Alison Scott juggling technique: 'Well, you hit yourself on the head like *this*....' • 'They're like the Glasgow mugs that've been around.' 'Yes, sort of stoneware with blue trimming.' 'Oh! I thought you meant Ian Sorensen.'

12 APRIL BIRTHDAYS. Derek Barns 1961 (mentioned by special request of 'friends'), Carol Emshwiller 1921, the cubic (soon to be perfect) Alasdair Hepburn, Emil Petaja 1915, Marion 'thirty-something' Pitman. Vostok 1 launched: first manned space flight with Yuri Gagarin 1961. Space Shuttle STS-1 launched 1981. 'Every day my birthday'—*Thog the Mighty*.

NUMEROLOGY. Following extensive testing in 1007 this morning. "The Answer" has been recalculated and is not 42 but 56. Contact 5.0x10⁻¹r Cruttenden for more details.

EASTERCON MEMORIES: Barry Bayley 'was at an Eastercon once ... as soon as I arrived I was shoved in front of local radio people who'd asked to talk to "an author". They didn't seem to want to be there. They started the tape recorder and

began with such a twittish question—which my memory does not retain—that I could only stare blankly and mutter "It's science fiction, innit?" Well, it was not yet 1100 and I had only just grabbed my first pint. Then I had an inspiration: "Look, go and see if you can find John Brunner." I believe he performed admirably....'

BETTER THAN 'HOW MANY?' Michelle Hodgson, on being informed that a member of the bar staff had traded a night with her for a dish of olives: 'Which one?'

LEWIS P.BEAR complains formally about the anti-bear and bearist artworks in the Art Show. Arnold Schwarzenbear ... [*aw, go to bed—Ed.*]

SPLASH! Whose toddlers, observed in the pool, were riding their parents' shoulders and yelling 'Faster! Faster!?' Answers to Lynne Ann Morse....

ON THE HIGH SEAS: Which pirate king, unable to cope with the traditional Robert Newton impression, decided W.C.Fields would do just as well? (Have a drink, my little buccaneerrr...)

CUTERY RULES—OK? Hobbes's overwhelming advantages, in my view, were (a) furriness and (b) making no speeches. It was a noble victory for taciturnity. *Marion Pitman, Psephologist*

PUFFED UP WITH HIS OWN FAILURE? Following Sunday's election results, Tim Illingworth is learning to curry favour by crawling along tables and falling off.

FIVE YEARS AGO at FollyCon, Peter Nicholls gave a speech in which he predicted that there would never be a second edition of the *Encyclopaedia*....

VOX POP, in *Heliograph* Hellhole: 'Gosh, I'm still a "young name"! • "That's funny—my computer always fucks up like that." • "You do realize that in 10 years' time everyone will say I nicked Thog from *Heliograph* to use in my books?" • "That after-dinner speech was *awful*, even by Langford's standaaaaarrghs!' (*Amanda Baker ... RIP*) • "If I turn the Gestetner up to full speed I can make it to the Banq ... oh dear." • "What's going on next door?" 'It's a toilet.' • "Come on, I spelt "Fields" right." (*A.Stewart—he had!*) • "If Ellison's going to piss on Chris Priest's grave, won't he have to bring a box to stand on?" • "Would you like to go and get yourself some sweets, little girl?" • "That's not porridge—why does it have jam in it?" • "I have seen the future, and it's Finnish." • "I transmogrify as a wanton sin." • "Come on, Peter. When you start saying "in our day" we know it's time to go." • "It's much easier in deeper water..." • "You bastards, there's too much news—I was going to reprint my speech....'

Heliograph

The Last Dangerous Heliograph

9 • Monday Evening

Travellers in Black

FAMOUS ARTISTS *Jim Burns* and *Fangorn* were discussing vast Art Auction profits when an art lover broke in: 'Excuse me, I love your pictures. Do you have a catalogue or do commissions?'—this addressed to, actually, *Rachel Baker*. Collapse of stout artists.

RED SALES IN THE SUNSET: 30 people had joined the KGB at last count. Beware the midnight knock on the door from *Brian Aldiss*, the entire *Family Harrison* and *Anne McCaffrey* (who will be carrying a small, monogrammed flame-thrower).

HOT WEERDE. Early copies of the new *Weerde* anthology *The Book of the Ancients* have been sighted, to cries of 'How much are Roc paying Writers of the Future for nicking their cover?' 'Go to bed,' grits *Midnight Rose* lich *Alex Stewart*.

KATE SOLOMON cleared the bar (c. 0400) by expounding her fears of global destruction, the collapse of the British educational system, the starvation of millions, etc. P.Weston soothingly advised her to read *The Player of Games*, which offers solutions to all these problems. Kate dissented: 'Someone will take it over and run things.' She was dragged to bed after one final exchange: 'You'd be a rotten teacher!' 'You couldn't run a doorknob factory!'

MARY CELESTE MYSTERY SOLVED BY I.SORENSEN! 'Dave Langford did the after-dinner speech.'

The Voices of Time

CLOSING CREDITS. *Heliograph* could not have been brought into existence without the help of very many people, but nevertheless it was. (Chorus: 'Start again, Langford!') Er ... please see past issues' credits. Harry Bell drew the logo and cartoon. Special grovels to *Brian Aldiss*, *Barry Bayley*, *John Brunner*, *Jenny Glover*, *Andy Porter* of *SF Chronicle* (who faxed his Embarrassing Birthdays List for April), *Chris Priest*, *Alex 'E.J.Thribb' Stewart* and 1,000 Elephants.

TRUE GRID. HdF want a copy of *Helicon's* map of their conference space: it's better than their own—which is based on the *Contrivance* map....

UNSUNG HEROS [sic] OF FANDOM: the Freucon committee members who are still too mentally and financially exhausted from running Freucon to get to Jersey. Thanks from the *Helicon* committee for convincing so many people that

Eurocons are a fun event that they really (sic) want to attend. *The Helicon Committee*

ZOMBIE FACTOID—IT'S DEAD TRUE! (or, DEATH IS NOT THE FINNISH) ... To become an official zombie you have to have a measured Body-mass Index of ≈ 19 or under. This Index is: weight (kg) divided by the square of height (m); i.e., $I = \text{wt}/\text{ht}^2$. A 1.8m (6ft) zombie weighs under 62.4kg (138 Earth lb [© 1993 *Kaleidoscope*]) and thus, empirically, the zombie-hood Index $I \leq 19.26$.

NOT A SPOOF! Inconceivable congratulate Inconceivable on their publicity campaign and on actually managing to organize a real con. We look forward to *Inconceivable II*, *The Eastercon*.

PANIC AT 1300: Only 6 bars of chocolate left.

FAN FUNDS AUCTION. Thanks to our bidders, donors of material and helpers, we raised a total of £141.90½: £52.50 for FATW, £63.40 for GUFF, £26.00 for TAFF and ½p for Thog. *Pam Wells*

WEIRD SCIENCE. Eldritch, unhallowed experiments, involving the addition of transfinite masses of chocolate to a swimming pool and unforbidden only through a curious lack of imagination on the hotel's part, today resulted in the creation of 'The Shallow Ones'. *John Dallman*

UPC SF AWARD 1993. Original sf work, submitted under pseudonym (real name etc. in sealed envelope), 75-110pp, 2 copies, A4 double-spaced (30 lines/page); prize 1M pesetas (\approx \$10,000) plus potential 250,000pta if the work (this is the difficult bit) is in neither Catalan nor Spanish. Entries by 30/8/'93 to Consell Social de la UPC, Edifici ETSAB, Diagonal 649, 08028 Barcelona.

SUCK ON THAT, SMOFCON! We have drunk all the Old Jersey Bitter. (Martin Hoare has just stepped out. He may be gone some time....)

XENO BIOLOGY QUIZ RESULTS: 1 *Marcus Rowland* 86%, 2 *Peter Wareham* 78%, 3 *Dermot Dobson* 77%, 4 *Thog the Mighty* (what this 'per cent' crap?). 14 entries (out of 50+ papers sold); these will be returned with certificates where appropriate. Answers at Information. *Robert Sneddon*

CENSORSHIP IN SF: This panel was ■■■■■■■■!

RESTAURANT TESSITURA: Last night in *Albert Ramsbottom's* the real difference between an author and a critic (*John Clute*) was revealed—not that a critic uses words like 'apotropaic' but that he finishes all his *Cod Whopper* and the

remains of someone else's. Ramsey Campbell

FOOD FREAKS READ ON. Paparazzi's, Castle St (about 100m W of 'bus station); cheap Italian, very good; specially recommended is the Gorgonzola in Cream Sauce with Pasta and Stuff. (*Very filling,* burps *Hibernian Correspondent Alastair Wheeler-Reid, 'and under a fiver including tips!!')*

COUNT 'EM! Pedro Jorge Romero boasts that he bought five copies of the *Encyclopaedia of SF*.

MASQUERADE. *Best in Show: The Willis Family+*.

UNIVERSAL RULER—now Noah Ward, as winner Hobbes was murdered by Stupendous Man.

GERMAN TASTE DEGENERATES. In the German-language panel *Differences in Fandom*, Perry Rhodan lost to *Atlan!*—the latter being a PR bit-player who now has his own spin-off series....

Running Down

OVERHEARD: 'How many Germans have you tasted?'

• 'Anyone who reports the death of Steve Green can't be all bad.' • 'I refuse to play a round with two priests.' • 'If I take 3 copies does it mean it's all true?' • 'I'm looking for Kevin.' 'Kevin who?' 'Kevin with trousers.' • Pam Wells: 'Isn't it sad when the snappiest dressers in fandom are the soft toys?' • 'Nerds in SF are of a much higher quality. Give me an SF nerd any day.' • 'You're one of the nicest nerds I've ever run across, Chris [O'Shea].' • 'Who hasn't at least once misread that sign in the lift as *National Vulva*?' • 'And you've got to wade your way through all the alien mutant spiky space-womble stuff.' • Mike Ford: 'Bernie Evans scored a first at the Mexican desk by selling something that doesn't even exist! *Thog the Mighty*: 'What?' 'Oh, I can't tell you or everyone will want one....' • 'Sperm!—I knew there was something it reminded me of!' • 'A draft of artists?' 'An acquisition of publishers?' 'A whinge of writers.' 'A spittoon of *Heliograph* staffers.'

TIME IN ADVANCE. 13 April Birthdays: Mary Burns 1946, John Foyster 1941, Hank Stine 1945. Lovecraft's *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward* closed 1928. 14 April: James Branch Cabell 1879, Tom Monteleone 1946, Leland Sapiro 1924.

TURKEY BREASTS: A request for the subject matter of the next reading elicited mutters of 'Sex, sex, SEX.' A bid for page 69 was accepted.

HO HO! 'Sir, as an octogenarian I never cease to be amazed at technological advances. Recently, in California, I saw a large road sign reading, "Live horse racing by satellite". Whatever next!' *Times Letter*

BEAR IN BOX SAVED—TIGER AT RISK. Tom would like to announce that he's put his bearhooks away forever (well, until he's bored). However, he finds the newly elected Ruler of the Universe

curiously attractive....

RHODRI JAMES 'would like to thank the people who serenaded me after the Banquet last night. There wasn't a dry seat at the table.'

BUNCH OF WILLIES. The Chocolate Shop's Mr Wonka was thrilled by a group of filkers singing the specially composed 'Dark Chocolate and Alcohol' (apologies to Leslie Fish): '*Dark chocolate and alcohol / We don't care if the cities fall / If all we have in the convention hall / Is dark chocolate and alcohol.*' For the rest, apply to L. Stratmann.

MASCETTI'S THREE LAWS of Helicon panels: (1) You're on a panel you didn't know about. (2) If you thought you were on a panel, you're chairing it. (3) If you're chairing a panel, you don't know who's on it. (4) If you're asked on to a panel at short notice, you don't know anything about the subject. (5) There's at least one more law than you thought. Steve Davies's *Corollary*: If you're chairing a panel, you didn't come. John Dallman's *Corollary*: If you thought you knew who your panellists were, one of them has become David Lally. Anon's *Corollary*. Any panel containing Jack Cohen and Jon Cowie becomes a duologue.

LATE SPLASH! Kathy's Mum denies all! 'I don't even know what boppin' is!'

TECH RADIO CHAT: 'Does the crew at the Lido need any drinks?' 'Yes, one white coffee no sugar, one Pepsi, and two PP3 batteries'. Chris O'Shea

DERMOTISM: a subtle yet coherent political philosophy based on the idea that all problems should be solved in such a manner that they will *not dare reappear*, and with a maximum of technological overkill.

FORTHCOMING OBIT: 'I have a Complaint. Too much *chit-chat*; not enough news.' Phil Rogers

NEWSROOM VOX POP. 'Even Iain Banks doesn't know why he crawled under that carpet....' • 'I want to complain! You didn't credit my comment!' (Anon) • 'How do you spell ...?' 'Don't ask Alex, for God's sake!' • 'I wouldn't recognize Sally-Ann Melia if she crawled up my leg.' • 'These seem to be the incredibly secret Intersection meeting minutes—shall we run off 500 copies?' • 'Alex, would you like to crucify Chris for me?' 'Sure: where's the staple gun?' 'See Ops.' • Langford on Finns, 0500: 'Differently intelligenced ... or is that differently nostrilled?'

CLOSING CEREMONY: 'In terms of psychic energy, darlin', you're as thick as a brick.' • 'Now John Brunner's head's in the way of the *side* screen.' • 'I'm a table, I'm a coat-rack, I'm a guide—I'm whatever you need....' • 'Why Thog not in *Heliograph* credits?'

ZOO CHARITY: we raised £1,000 over Helicon!

BRIDGET WILKINSON'S AT-A-GLANCE SUMMARY OF THE CLOSING CEREMONY. See pp94-146.

HelioGRAPH

Helicon's Chitchatpaper Dead Dog Memorandum

The 'All Chit-Chat, No News' Newsletter They Could Not Kill! • *Chris Cooper* reports: 'You want something about Caroline Mullán's shoes? SHE LEFT THEM IN MY ROOM!' • *Mark Young*, examining hideous wound on elbow: 'That must have happened when Tim & Cathy got me on the floor.' • *Martin Hoare* went to bed around 0500, chased by ringing croaks of 'Fakefan!' • The Games Room told us: 'We are trufandom. You pathetic bed-goers make us spit! Games fans never go to bed at all!' • *John Dallman* impinges: 'Those making it to breakfast the hard way included Rhodri James, Sue Edwards, **John Dallman**, Ceri Pritchard and Strathclyde University SF Society. Someone tried to sell us all of Fantasy Centre, Holloway Rd, London, at about 0400, but the weather was otherwise settled.' • 'Thog the Mighty ask, What this "subtle dermatization" bullshit?' • *David V.Barrett* cried through mouthfuls of breakfast, 'I found it ironic that we had all this trouble about no-smoking rooms when I never actually saw any no-smoking signs ... the non-smoking committee just assumed we would Know.' • *Chris Bell*, 0200: 'Argh wibble frod bleep spung plane at 0830 wibble wibble OUT OF MY WAY, LANGFORD gibber gibber WHOOSH....' • *Dave Langford*: 'Sometimes I feel like the subject of an H.M.Bateman cartoon with waves of scandalized horror radiating out from me and the caption THE HELICON MEMBER WHO SAID "ACTUALLY I DON'T MUCH LIKE CHOCOLATE"....' • Whether *Tim Illingworth* had actually finished his 100th Convention Present, a 5kg cholesterol bomb, by breakfast is uncertain: reliable liars reported suspicious munching and slobbering from his room.... • *Chris Suslowicz*: 'More *Heliographs*! More! I want to do more!' • *Martin Easterbrook*: 'Now if you wrote a column in every one of the Intersection PRs, they would become collectors' items and no US fan could bear to be without them! Also I can offer you an amazing bargain price on Waterloo Bridge....' • 'Thog the Mighty say, why Thog not have own typeface? Ah, that better.' • Did we ever run the exciting news item 'Saku's balls have now been returned to him?' • *Peter Weston*, watching fans acrobatically rupture themselves at his imperious behest: 'My old troublemaking skills have not deserted me. All this suffering, caused by just two Guinness cans.' • *New Secure Store Rules*, evolved during Helicon: PUSH DOOR NEARLY CLOSED. NEVER TELL ANYONE WHAT YOU'VE TAKEN—IT ONLY CONFUSES US. COMBINAT-ION IS WRITTEN ON WALL NEXT TO DOOR IN UNOBTRUSIVE DAY-GLO MARKER.... • *Chris O'Shea's Corollary*: 'The secure store isn't, Ops doesn't and the newsletter hasn't.' • *Pathetic Whimper at Gopher Party*, as brick-thick wads of blue tickets are contemplated: 'Oh God, but I don't want another drink....' • *John Richards*, generously, to newsroom slave: 'You can keep working until the hotel says Get Out....' • 'Thog the Mighty say, Sod This For A Lark.' ☺

Heliograph

Helicon's Aftermath Appendices and Stuff

Despite everyone's earnest efforts, *Heliograph* refused to die. For completists we summarize the quasi-issues which appeared posthumously, thanks to the sinister offices of (it says here) Chris Suslowicz, Cathryn Easthope, a Macintosh Classic and PageMaker 4.0.

Undead Dog Bulletin

IT IS TUESDAY, the newsletter office is deserted and the equipment has been packed for its eventual return to the mainland. *Thog the Mighty* has discovered that his transportation (Horde, one, for the use of) has been misbooked for the previous day and is sharpening his sword. (Alex Stewart: 'Thog say, plane for wimps. Thog swim.') Langford has departed for the mainland to avoid the likely bloodshed, pausing briefly to Blu-Tack™ 5,271,009 copies of the *Dead Dog Memorandum* to various walls. 'Stop that man and nail his feet to the floor,' screamed an enraged Martin Easterbrook, engaged in convention poster removal. Too late—the denuded corridors had been fetchingly redecorated....

HOTEL REDECORATION: Some fans have had to be moved from the old part of the HdF to the new bit, as it appears that the hotel painters apply the stuff with hammers, commencing at 0700 (accompanied by loud sawing noises and, subsequently, interesting piles of sawdust in the corridors).

THE EQUIPMENT TRANSPORT vehicle provoked noises of concern as regards its ground clearance. Mere tons of scaffolding, computers, etc. left it looking oddly low at the back. The techies' eventual decision was that they needed to shift the chocolate further forward.

SIGNS AND PORTENTS. Traditional variation on the 'Do Not Disturb/Please Make Up The Room' sign, sighted on the 6th floor of the new bit: *Do Not Disturb—Because I Definitely Do NOT Have 14 People Crashing On My Floor*. Inconceivable, of course....

FOOD CORNER. There are no restaurant reports because with typical selfishness all the reporters are still in the restaurants. There is also an absence of newsroom—the final wording on the door was 'go away in a huff and never return', so copy is not arriving, and the Alternative Newsroom is making it all up from a secret location. Stay tuned.

Heliograph 10-ish, 13/4/93. Wook: Dave Langford. Clattuc: Chris Suslowicz. Chilke: Thog the Mighty. Tamm: Cathryn Easthope.

LPFers: BSFA Council. Yips: Ops.

Embalmed Dog Missive

WEDNESDAY: The RSPCA is investigating a suspected case of shark abuse involving the hot tub in the swimming pool, the shark, and several fans. (An

ashen-faced and tight-lipped Chris Suslowicz said later: 'They were attempting artificial insemination of the rubber shark using a water pistol. Maybe they'd been talking to Jack Cohen. I heavily cut this story, as Heliograph is nominally a family publication.')

BOOZE ALERT: we have now drunk the hotel out of all bitter—from here on it's bottled stuff or Lowenbrau (Aaaaargh!™ ... this ejaculation © 1993 Neale Mittenshaw-Hodge, used without permission).

THOG INSANELY JEALOUS! More glasses broken last night than in the whole of Helicon. Most of the damage was caused by a group of 'mundanes' who 'dropped in for a drink'.

MORE SWIMMING POOL FUN. Chris Cooper borrowed the water pistol from the hot tub and amusingly opened fire on the group there ... having first carefully refilled it from the cold, cold swimming pool.

FINAL FOODIES. *Central Park*, an 'American Style' restaurant, refused to serve desserts and coffee alone to six of us tonight, insisting that we order a main course. As they were almost empty at the time, we thought this bizarre; no American restaurant would take such an attitude. We ended up at Manhattan—the restaurant, not the island—which looks very unprepossessing from outside but does good ice-cream and excellent cappuccino.

Alison Scott

DISCO HORROR! I [*Chris S. again*] requested a room in a quiet area of the hotel and am directly above the Starlight room,. This has a glass roof, and the 'World Book Childcraft' convention that has arrived is running a disco in there. The staff on the HdF desk 'don't know' when it will finish, and I wanted an early night.... Complaints have had no effect: where is *Thog the Mighty* when the newsletter needs him?

THAT'S ALL, FOLKS: 2355 Wednesday.

OH NO IT WASN'T: having promised the hotel staff he'd finish at midnight, the DJ halted the disco at 0005 and turned on the karaoke machine....

Heliograph 11-ish, 14/4/93. McNulty: Dave Langford. Purser: Chris Suslowicz. Jay Score: Thog the Mighty. Kli Morg: Cathryn Easthope.

Crew: Alison Scott, Ω, ½r, Martin Easterbrook. Gobboon: the DJ.

Helioglossary

As an act of simple humanity towards those who were not at Helicon ... *this* is what some of the obscurer references were all about.

After-Dinner Speech. This was D.Langford going on about great and tasteless foodie moments in sf, in an evident attempt to clear the room and fill the toilets.

Iain Banks Crawling Under the Rug. Not a twisted metaphor, not an in-joke, merely a sober record of fact. It has been explained to us as an act of chivalry:

Kate Solomon remarked one night that she was bored and had nothing interesting to look at, whereupon Mr Banks gallantly provided something.

Bear in the Box. An ominously placarded box in the Art Show contained a teddy-bear in torment, strung up with hooks à la *Hellraiser*. The artist responsible for this spectacle was Tom Abba.

Chocolate. If you thought there was too much pandering to Helicon chocoholics in the newsletter, you should have seen some of the stuff we rejected. The closing ceremony went into immense detail about the chocolate sold (238 5kg blocks, so many thousand champagne truffles, etc) while utterly failing to mention the traditional convention index of total bar takings (the hotel was drunk dry of bitter by 2230 Monday night and restocked for the next weekend's SMOFcon). Yes, there really is a chocolate factory in the bowels of the Hotel de France—hence 'Mr Wonka' and his tours. SF footnote: 'Mr Wonka' is actually Mr Andrew Porter. No doubt he was congratulated on his Hugo nomination at the subsequent SMOFcon.

Competition Corner. No one correctly answered the Asimov quiz question, which was in fact perfectly serious. Our answer: Emperor Daluben IV (see *Foundation and Empire*, chapter 1).

Credit Lines. The only credits 'theme' nobody seemed able to work out was that in #7, despite the huge hint in the last-but-one *Vox Pop* quote just above that issue's credits box.

Equipment. For those who like to know these things, *Heliograph* was produced on two IBM computers (loaned by Chris Cooper and Mark Young) running WordPerfect 5.1 with Bitstream FaceLift fonts (i.e. the system used by Dave Langford for *Ansible*) and driving an HP LaserJet printer (loaned by John Stewart). Laser-printed masters were then processed by the Chris Suslowicz Museum of Industrial Archaeology, comprising a Roneo electrostencil cutter and two Gestetner duplicators of vast antiquity.

'Go to Bed.' Following Brian Aldiss's memorable alleged line in issue 2, this became *Heliograph's* standard euphemism. Kindly Mr Aldiss slipped a note under our door complaining of 'anti-Aldiss' material and denying ever having used such words. Chris Morgan, conversely, insists that he did indeed say just that but was a trifle too off-sober to recall his epigram next day. Of such stuff is controversy made.

Steve Green Obituary. This appeared in the traditional spoof newsletter, produced by Chris O'Shea and cruelly mocking *Heliograph* by containing no jokes.

Hawaii. The 'Hawaii Party' was the one that was actually advertised in the programme, cost £1 for a ticket, ran out of booze in less than seven minutes, and was fined £500 corkage when (despite careful bagging for later smuggling away) the vigilant hotel found all its empties. Do fans not have cosmic minds?

HdF. Hotel de France. Helicon Dinner Frenzy. Hot Dog Franchise. Horrible Dearth of Fanzines. It all depends on the context.

Hobbes. See 'If I Ruled the Universe'.

If I Ruled the Universe.... This scabrous election

campaign proliferated all over Helicon as well as its newsletter. The eponymous programme item featured various mighty beings attempting to gain the audience vote and become Universal Ruler. Candidates were Sir Edmund Blackadder (Neale Mittenshaw-Hodge), Boadicea/Boudicca (KIM Campbell), Genghis Khan (Mike Cule, whose cheerleaders' chant of 'Yak Fat! Yak Fat!' still haunts us), Tim Illingworth (Chris O'Shea), Ming the Merciless (Alison Scott) and Stupendous Man of *Calvin and Hobbes* fame (John Richards with mask, cape and of course Hobbes—a battery-powered growly tiger which remorselessly crept along tables and fell off the end). Helicon was duly plastered with campaign posters, mostly vile lies from 'Blackadder' ('ILLINGWORTH plays with Barbie dolls!') illustrated with grossly libellous Sue Mason cartoons.

Tim Illingworth. We cannot explain Tim Illingworth.

Inconceivable. Traditional name for spoof Eastercon bids, naughtily annexed by the Inconsequential organizers for their next convention.

In-Jokes: typical complaints went like this. *Aged Fan:* 'Your newsletter is full of in-jokes and I'm not an "in" person.' *We:* 'But that bit's about the Helicon art show....' *AF:* 'Never go to art shows.' *We:* 'And this is all to do with the *Read-Me* booklet—' *AF:* 'Couldn't be bothered with that.' *We:* 'And "Tim Illingworth" is the convention chairman—' *AF:* 'Never heard of him.' *We:* 'And this is actually an sf reference to *The Book of the New Sun*....' *AF:* 'Like I said: all in-crowd jokes.'

Language ribbons. A complex system of colour-coded ribbons and little spots on convention badges was supposed to indicate who could interpret between which languages. Fandom soon reduced the system to chaos: 'And that quarter of a tartan spot on my badge stands for how much Gaelic I know,' etc.

Caroline Mullen. Notorious programme-book typo.

National Vulva. The hotel lifts had framed notices proclaiming them to be insured by National Vulcan: guess which letter was half-hidden by the frame?

Pirates. Certain groups of fans were rollicking round crying 'Avast!' and 'Yo-ho-ho!' but never told us why.

Read-Me. What in the days before computers used to be called the Pocket Programme Book.

Garrett Simpson is famous for never being mentioned in *Heliograph* ... he was the lucky staff member whose first story got spiked, while he never managed to fight his way to the keyboard to type up the second. They also serve who only stand and wait.

Thog the Mighty. Escaping from John Grant's myriad fantasy novels, Thog crept in via interjections in the 'If I Ruled ...' coverage and somehow became the Voice of the Newsroom Group Mind. Grown men found themselves speaking in Thog. 'Stop nitpicking, Paul, and let's print it.' 'Hah! When Thog the Mighty nitpick, nit know it have been picked.' You probably had to be there.

Zombies. Bulletins from this group of punk Finnfans kept arriving, and sometimes even made it into print despite manifest insanity. They also gave us a zombie fanzine which offered the daring statement 'World War II was a shitly thing.' Too right. DL, 27/4/93